

## THE OTHER BOYS.

"Mamma, I want a baseball bat,  
A pair of high tan boots,  
A bicycle, a camera,  
A real gun that shoots,  
Some skates" (twas thus my Teddy whined,  
The source of all my joys).  
"A racket and a tennis cap,  
Like all the other boys!"  
"I want to ride a century;  
Buy me a pony, too;  
I'm going in swimming after school,  
The other boys do."  
(Teddy is six, they are sixteen.)  
"When you buy me some toys,  
I want a sweater and a watch,  
Like all the other boys!"  
Those other boys! they make me long  
For wings—no pair would do—  
A big balloon, a train, express,  
Some method, old or new,  
To take my Ted and fly where none  
This argument employs:  
"I want to be, and do, and have,  
Like all the other boys!"  
—Eleanor W. F. Bates, in N. Y. Independent.

## SWEET REVENGE.

SOME years ago I came mighty near being a second in a duel, and age has not yet sufficiently cooled my blood to make me grateful that the affair did not come off. It was in the days of high-pressure prosperity after the war and when human life was not held as sacred as before the fratricidal carnage. I was then in one of the largest eastern cities and profitably employed. I am not more definite as to the locality, because those who figure in my story are still alive. For the same reason I destroy the identity of one of my best friends by calling him Bob Walters. Like liberty is taken with my other characters.

"Bob was an eastern boy by birth and bookkeeper with me in the same office. I have yet to see a handsomer or manlier fellow. He came of a good family, though his immediate ancestors had not been prosperous, and had those unmistakable marks of gentility that are bred in their possessor. He was good six feet tall, perfectly built, had a strong masculine face and was graceful as a tiger. He had the commendable pride that goes with self-respect and self-reliance, but had the broad democratic views of the true American. No one could ask a better friend, while even as an enemy he was as magnanimous as he was fearless.

"During the third year we were together Bob went to his old home for a vacation. It was on an inland lake in one of the New England states and the region had become quite popular as a select summer resort. For a week Bob had a glorious time. He was a boy again and revived all his juvenile capacity for enjoyment. He was in his old haunts and having his old sports, unmindful of the fashionable invaders, more than one of whom cast admiring glances upon the good-looking young man who was having such a delightful outing all by himself.

"One evening Bob happened to be passing the most pretentious row of cottages when a stylish young couple were about to leave the pier in front of the place in a little canoe that was never intended for anything but a smooth sea, unless in the most skillful hands. Bob recognized the son of the chief man of our firm and lifted his hat. The only reply was a supercilious gaze that pretended not to know the handsome young native. His cheeks flushed and he might have walked on had the young lady not be-



ATTEMPTED TO CLAMBER INTO THE BOAT.

stowed a charming smile upon him, as if to make amends for the churlishness of her companion.

"Beg pardon," said Bob, as he again lifted his hat, "but I know this lake better than any casual visitor can know it and you incur an ugly risk by venturing out in that canoe at this time. There's a storm brewing and this water is notoriously treacherous. Ten minutes frequently transform it from the calm of a mill pond to a dangerously boisterous sea. My advice would be to remain ashore, and if that be rejected, at least take a stancher boat."

"I don't recall having asked any suggestions from you," answered the young man with a sneer. "It is readily conceivable that you wouldn't feel safe in this or any other kind of a craft, but expert boating happened to be a part of my liberal education and just to relieve any anxiety that you may have caused this young lady by your volunteer advice, I assure her that I can manage the canoe in any kind of a tempest on this little teapot. Come on, Mamma!"

"It is entirely for her sake that I repeat the warning," answered Bob, sturdily. "It is not safe. If anything happens the consequences will be on your own head."

"So be it, Mr. Walters," with a mocking bow. "I accept the responsibility. You see that I know you and I serve due notice that I will soon find a way to punish your impertinence."

"But, Harry," began the young lady, as she hung back.

"Never mind, now," came the reply, with some heat, "do you suppose that I would incur any danger with such precious freight aboard? I'll land you as safely as we leave. This fellow only thought to curry favor with me by obtruding upon us in the way he did."

Again that smile checked the angry words on Bob's lips. "Very well, Mr. Walters," he replied, "I have the hope that your experience on the lake will give you no occasion to retract those words." He was going to add that he would see to having them taken back later, but that restraining smile was upon him and he even man-

aged to return it with a fetching bow as he turned away. Swells was muttering something that he meant to be cutting, but his words only reached the ears of his fiancée, the flush on whose face was not one of happiness.

Bob took a brisk walk to cool his temper and on reaching home scanned the lake with a pair of marine glasses. The gale blowing had tossed the lake into myriads of angry whitecaps. Way out in the center and trying to return in the teeth of the wind was the little canoe, tossing about like a corkle shell. It did not take ten seconds for Bob to discover that the occupants were in imminent danger and that assistance could reach them none too soon. Swells might have shone as a college oarsman, but he did not know how to manage a canoe in a storm.

Bob rushed to the little boathouse at the foot of the lawn, tossing aside superfluous clothing as he ran. Even his yachting cap was dispensed with and his black curls galed to the wind. For an instant he paled and shivered when he saw that the larger rowboat had been washed from the beach, but then must have been an inspiration in that smile which persistently remained in his thoughts, for he shoved out the little clinker that he had built for his solitary expeditions and started with long sweeping strokes for the canoe that was more than half the time out of sight. His powerful pulling, aided by the wind, soon brought him to the side of the boat. Swells and his companion were in the water clinging to the boat. Though the girl was pale as death, she had the courage of good blood and gave a faint cheer as Bob dropped alongside of them from the top of a wave. Swells looked black and only had sufficient grace to keep his mouth shut.

"God bless and reward you, Mr. Walters," exclaimed the girl fervently, as Bob deftly swung her into the boat.

"None of that, sir," said he, as he gave Swells a sound rap over the knuckles, for he was making a frantic effort to crawl over the side. "I am in command of this time and am going to get my boat to shore. Three of us will swamp her and there is no other way but to tow you in, Mr. Swells. Just hang on to the stern."

Then was the lover completely demoralized. He grew profane in protesting that no one but himself should like Miss Princes. It was his right and his duty. If anybody towed it would be Bob Walters, and again Swells attempted to clamber into the boat. This time his efforts were accompanied by a few buckets of water and Bob became aggressive in earnest. He choked Swells until he just had strength enough to hang on, put the young lady to bailing and set out for the beach. On recovering his wind, Swells was worse than ever and again came near enjoining the boat by trying to get into it. Bob knew too well what was at stake to temporize any longer. Seizing Swells's wrists he knotted them together with the anchor rope, drew the line taut, handed it to Miss Princes and told her to keep the fow's head above water if she wanted to. Thus Bob brought them in after a hard battle and a madder man than Swells never crawled out of the water. His chattering teeth prevented his relieving his mind at the time and it was Miss Princes that returned thanks as she held Bob's hands in both of hers.

But Swells was heard from the next day. He claimed that he had been treated like a calf at the tail end of a butcher's wagon and yearned for revenge. He justified a challenge on the ground that Bob appeared to have some pretty decent sort of ancestors. The latter promptly accepted, named rifles as the weapon and telegraphed his move to act as his friend. I rather protested, for I didn't want my friend to kill or be killed, but he positively assured me that Swells would not be at the meeting place. Sure enough, he took "violently ill" the night before and his seconds made a shame-faced apology for his absence. One of the first moves was an effort to have Bob discharged, but I had told the old gentleman all the facts and the way that he combed that boy of his down for a coward and an ingrate delighted my soul.

But Bob had no use for the place after a few months. He was to marry Miss Princes, who wondered how she could have ever thought she loved a creature like Swells while there were men like Bob. Princes was a merchant prince and an old-school gentleman. He wanted just such a partner as Bob would make, and his daughter took him to him—Bookkeeper.

## FIFTY-TWO FEET OF WHISKERS.

That's the Amount the Average Man Grows in a Lifetime.

The statistician, who had been busy with his pencil, looked up at the man who hates figures and said:

"Didn't have anything to do and thought I'd figure a little. You know that if you were cast on a desert island with a bundle of lead pencils and plenty of paper I wouldn't care a cent whether a sail blew in sight or not. I saw that you needed a shave and that set me to thinking. Why do you shave, anyhow? I never do. Look here:

"We'll suppose that you began shaving at 18 years of age and that you keep it up until you are 70. That makes 52 years. You have a heavy beard. We'll suppose that you shave twice a week. That costs 15 cents a shave and you get rid of one-eighth of an inch of hair. That will be a quarter of an inch a week, or one inch a month. To get rid of that inch you pay \$1.20. An inch a month is inches a year, costing you \$14.40. Now, the statistician drew a long breath.

"Twelve inches a year for 52 years is 624 inches, or 52 feet. It will cost you \$748.80 to get that amount of whiskers out of your system."

The Local Flavor.

An American, who had left his native country to travel in Europe, with the maxim: "When in Rome do as the Romans do," well in mind, found himself in Marseilles. He wanted some ice cream and went into a restaurant and ordered it. "What flavor will you have?" asked the waiter. The American hesitated a moment, and then remembered his maxim. "Oh, garlic, I suppose," he answered.—Youth's Companion.

Attorneys in Great Britain.

There are now on the rolls of the legal profession in Great Britain about 15,300 solicitors (or attorneys at law, as they were called prior to 1873), as compared with some 10,000 to 11,000 20 years ago.

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

### FACTS AND FIGURES.

They Present the Economical Side of the Good Road Question.

There are, it is estimated, 300,000 miles of highway roads in the United States, about 20 per cent. of the roads of all the world. Great Britain has 120,000 miles of roadways, and these are some of the best in the world. Germany has 275,000 miles of roads, and some of these are as poor as the roadways of a great country can be. France, which has taken an enlightened view of the good roads question for many years and has spent by governmental or local authority more than \$1,000,000,000 on highways, has a road mileage of 330,000, more than any other country. Russia, with an enormous area, has only 70,000 miles of roadways, while Italy, a smaller country, has 55,000.

For a considerable time the agitation languished for the reason, perhaps, that by the American system of subdivided local authority "what's everybody's business is nobody's business," and, controversies being frequent as to the liability of national, state or municipal authority for needful expenditures, very little was done. The National League for Good Roads was organized in 1892 "to awaken general interest in the improvement of public roads, to determine the best methods of building and maintaining them and conduct and foster such publications as may serve these purposes." At the beginning of the agitation, the good roads question did not make much headway, and it was not until the popularity of the bicycling craze that the demand for improved roads became organized, and since then considerable headway has been made. A computation which finds much favor among the advocates of good roads is this: There are approximately, though the number is steadily on the decline, 14,000,000 horses in the United States (there were 15,000,000 in the census of 1890), and there are about 2,000,000 mules, principally in the south. The annual cost for fodder for these animals being \$1,500,000,000. On fine stone roads one horse can haul as much as three horses can haul over the average dirt road of this country. It is estimated that it would be necessary to build about 1,000,000 miles of macadamized roads in the United States in order to have as good a system of public highways as is found in several European states. At \$4,000 per mile this would involve an outlay of \$4,000,000,000 a pretty large sum. But if half of the draught animals could be dispensed with by the building of such roads, there would be an annual saving of \$700,000,000 in the food bill. Consequently, if road bonds were issued bearing three per cent. interest, 6,000,000 miles of macadamized road could be built without increasing the annual expenses one dollar.—N. Y. Sun.

### MAKING FARM BRIDGES.

Two Methods Which Have Been Tried with Gratifying Success.

On many farms there are streams and ravines that have to be crossed by bridges. The bridges, however, are these is a matter of considerable importance, for valuable teams are driven over them, and property is risked to their safety in other ways. The accompanying illustration, Fig. 1, shows a serviceable method of constructing such farm bridges, the cross braces as arranged being of special importance because they keep the bridge from settling to either side, as bridges unsupported by piers and support by trusses.

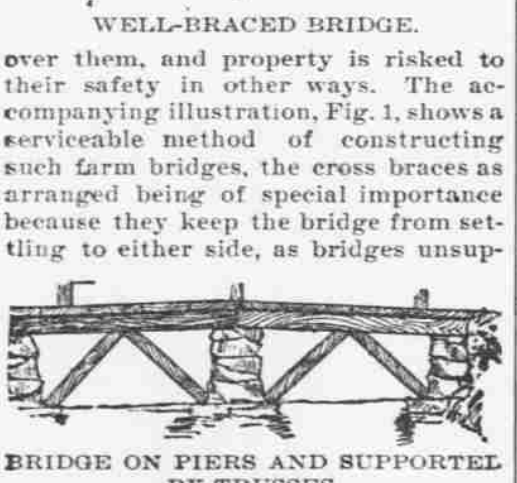


Fig. 1. WELL-BRACED BRIDGE.

ported very commonly do. Fig. 2 shows a more permanent and solid construction, rough stones being laid up in cement for supports, with a truss between the middle and each end, the ends of these trusses being supported by projecting rocks at the bases of the piers. Such a bridge is thoroughly supported and will well repay the extra labor in construction, provided the stream to be bridged is of any considerable width and the bridge is to be used to any great extent annually.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Tree in the Fall.

In the fall the tree has completed its growth for the season. It must now ripen and prepare for winter. It can spare some of the moisture which comes with the fall rains. We may, therefore, sow some catch or cover crop. This crop will, if properly plowed under, greatly improve the mechanical condition of the soil; its roots will catch some of the leaching nitrates, of which the roots of the tree are now in little need; it will catch the rains and snows of fall and winter and hold them until they gradually percolate into the earth; it will prevent the puddling and cementing of the soil during winter; it will dry out the soil quickly in spring.—Western Plowman.

Sediment Arouses Suspicion.

Any milk having a large amount of sediment is suspicious. Particles of dirt are a sign that germs are abundant. Thus dirty milk may be dangerous as well as disgusting. The dirt in milk consists mostly of particles of dead skin and manure, which fall into the pail from the body of the cow during milking; but dust in the stable, and dirt and dust in the vessels used for handling milk, and unclean attendants, are also common sources of dirty sediment in milk.

Creeping Bent Is Best.

The agricultural department at Washington, after long experiments with lawn grasses, declares that creeping bent is the finest lawn grass known.

## FRUIT BARK BEETLE.

### A Destructive Insect and Methods for Controlling It.

This insect is a newcomer in the United States, having been known in this country less than 25 years. In Germany it has been known to seriously injure fruit trees for over 50 years. It was first discovered on American soil in 1877 in an orchard near Elmira, N. Y., and has gradually spread, especially to the south and central west. It was observed in large numbers in orchards in South Carolina in 1883-86. Two years later it was found in Indiana and is now well established throughout the central Mississippi valley.

My attention has been called to it several times this season in Maryland, and the editor of this journal has referred a query from a subscriber regarding the same pest. I have observed it lately in several orchards and some nurseries. It rarely ever does



FRUIT BARK BEETLE AND ITS WORK.

serious injury in nurseries and attacks only trees whose vitality has been reduced by being broken by plowing or injured in some other way. It does not confine its attacks to fruit trees, but is found working on shade and ornamental trees as well as usually the maple, elm and mountain ash.

The beetle will attack perfectly healthy trees, but has a decided preference for weak and sickly ones. A tree infested with this insect can be easily detected by a little careful observation. The trunk and larger branches are usually peppered full of little round holes about the size of a pin-head, see cut. In many instances the gummy exudation from these punctures is very conspicuous, standing out in bead-like masses or running down the branches and trunk. I have seen many trees, especially cherry, in this condition, the present season.

The little beetle responsible for this mischief is about one-tenth of an inch in length and one-third as wide. It is nearly black in color, somewhat cylindrical in general form, and under a glass of moderate power shows a clothing of yellowish hairs on the head and wing covers. The head is vertical and the jaws are short and stout. The beetle hibernates in its figure very much enlarged (after Forbes).

The adult beetle, after making a hole in the tree, deposits her eggs in little grooves made in the inner bark. The young that hatch from these eggs feed upon the inner bark and sapwood, making long channels running in all directions from the central groove, as shown in lower right corner. These young worms frequently become so numerous as to completely girdle the branch or trunk, as the case may be. The young have no feet and are white, with small brown heads of the general shape shown in the illustration. They transform in these channels, and in due time the adults eat their way out, thus making more open channels similar to those made by the female when depositing her eggs. There are probably two broods each year. One brood deposits its eggs in September and the insects pass the winter as larvae or worms under the bark. These transform in the spring, and begin to emerge as adults as early as the middle of March. I have also found a full-grown larva the last of July.

The fact that the fall brood passes the winter in the larval state, the first remedy that suggests itself is the cutting down and destruction by burning of all infested trees during the winter. I would recommend this procedure only in extreme cases or where the trees are of no special value. An attempt of extermination would mean the absolute destruction of every tree showing the least attack.

Experimentation with various sprays and washes for controlling this pest has not been carried forward very rapidly. Trees sprayed with a strong solution of Bordeaux mixture and Paris green combined, at about double the strength which is generally used, have given very promising results. The first application should be made about April 1 and the second two weeks later. In order to be most effectual, the spraying should be done before any of the characteristic marks of the insect are found upon the trees, as it will be much easier to prevent the attack than to destroy the beetles after they have once entered the tree.—Prof. W. G. Johnson, in American Gardening.

Blackberries of Great Size.

In California a new blackberry has been introduced called the "Mammoth," being a hybrid between the dewberry and blackberry, the fruit having all the characteristics of the blackberry, and is also larger than any other kind. The canes grow thick and stout until four or five feet high, when they begin to run, growing over 20 feet in length, the tips taking root like the blackcap raspberry. The canes do not therefore spread from the root and overrun the field. It will prove a very valuable acquisition if all the claims in its favor are true.

An Aid to Happy Life.

The avenues that make possible pleasant communication with the mill, factory, market, railroad, ferry, fair ground, school, church and neighbor, and unite town and country, are the ones that need to be always clean and fit for use.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Good Roads Mean Progress.

Poor highways are incompatible with the public welfare.—Good Roads.

## Reflections of a Bachelor.

Some folks are so humble that when they get to Heaven they will go "way around and knock at the door of the angels."

When a man gets excited in an argument he always says it does make him mad to hear people talk so foolishly.

Nothing makes a girl so mad as for a man to pretend not to notice when she has fixed her hair up the way he likes it.

When a man goes out to shoot a bear and ends up by picking huckleberries, he is very apt to tell it the other way round.

A man will go to the devil for a woman, and a woman will go to the devil for a man—if she can't get one from somebody else.

When a man has to work hard to get along his wife always says it's because he's so good-natured he lets people impose on him.—N. Y. Press.

## Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Practical Economy.—"We told the man that the surgical operation he needed would cost \$200. 'How did he take it?' 'He said it would be cheaper for him to go home and die.'—Chicago Record.

A window crack; result lameback. Use St. Jacobs Oil; result, cures attack.

We are liable to be most miserable 'expecting troubles that never come.

Do You Play Whist, Euchre or Other Games?

The F. F. V. playing card is better than any 50 cent card on the market. Send 15 cents for one deck or 25 cents for two decks (stamps or currency) to C. B. Ryan, Asst. Gen'l Pass' Agent, C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O.

A Tip to Milk-Drinkers.—Doctors now say that boiled cow's milk is not good for babies; it is better raw. The doctors are right; a raw cow gives better milk than a boiled one.—Tit-Bits.

## Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25c and 50c.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—Epictetus.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 602 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Lots of men wear their wife's picture on a lapel button, and let them carry in the wood.—Washington Democrat.

Wake up, sore, stiff. Use St. Jacobs Oil; you'll wake up cured.

Marrying for money is an expensive investment.—Ram's Horn.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is not always wise to tell all one knows, but it is well to know all one knows.—Chicago News.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

Cupid might do more business if he would exchange his bow for a popgun.—Chicago News.

Use St. Jacobs Oil and say to Rheumatism: "Will you go later."

The pig would rather have swill than roses.—Ram's Horn.

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1897.			
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	4 40	5 05	5 05
COTTON—Middling.....	5 75	5 25	5 25
FLOUR—Winter Wheat.....	4 15	4 05	4 05
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	5 25	5 25	5 25
CORN—No. 2.....	3 30	3 30	3 30
OATS—No. 2.....	2 15	2 15	2 15
PORK—New Mess.....	9 00	9 50	9 50
ST. LOUIS, MO.			
COTTON—Middling.....	5 75	5 25	5 25
BEEVES—Steers.....	3 25	5 10	5 10
Cows and Heifers.....	2 00	4 00	4 00
CALVES—each.....	5 00	10 00	10 00
HOGS—Fair to Select.....	3 25	4 25	4 25
SHEEP—Fair to Choice.....	4 00	4 00	4 00
FLOUR—Patents.....	4 15	4 05	4 05
Clear Flour.....	4 15	4 05	4 05
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter.....	5 25	5 25	5 25
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	3 30	3 30	3 30
OATS—No. 2.....	2 15	2 15	2 15
RYE—No. 2.....	4 40	4 40	4 40
BARLEY—No. 2.....	3 00	3 50	3 50
HAY—Choice Dairy.....	16 00	30 00	30 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy.....	16 00	30 00	30 00
EGGS—Fresh.....	12 00	14 00	14 00
PORK—Standard (new).....	12 00	8 50	8 50
BACON—Clear Rib.....	12 00	8 50	8 50
LARD—Prime Steam.....	12 00	8 50	8 50
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	3 85	5 35	5 35
Cows and Heifers.....	2 50	4 50	4 50
SHEEP—Fair to Choice.....	2 50	4 50	4 50
FLOUR—Hard Patents.....	4 15	4 05	4 05
Clear Flour.....	4 15	4 05	4 05
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....	5 25	5 25	5 25
CORN—No. 2.....	3 30	3 30	3 30
OATS—No. 2.....	2 15	2 15	2 15
PORK—New Mess.....	9 00	9 50	9 50
BACON—Clear Rib.....	12 00	8 50	8 50
LARD—Prime Steam.....	12 00	8 50	8 50
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	3 50	5 00	5 00
HOGS—All Grades.....	3 30	2 67 1/2	2 67 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 Hard.....	5 15	5 15	5 15
OATS—No. 2 White.....	19 00	19 00	19 00
CORN—No. 2.....	23 00	23 1/2	23 1/2
ST. LOUIS, MO.			
FLOUR—High Grade.....	4 60	5 10	5 10
CORN—No. 2.....	3 30	3 30	3 30
OATS—Western.....	2 15	2 15	2 15
HAY—Choice.....	14 00	15 50	15 50
PORK—Old Mess.....	8 25	8 25	8 25
COTTON—Middling.....	5 75	5 25	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	5 25	5 25	5 25
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	3 30	3 30	3 30
OATS—No. 2.....	2 15	2 15	2 15
PORK—New Mess.....	8 50	9 25	9 25
BACON—Clear Rib.....	12 00	8 50	8 50
COTTON—Middling.....	5 75	5 25	5 25

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FISH BRAND  
**POMME SLICKER**

The Best Saddle Coat.

Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for Slicker Fish Brand Pomme Slicker. It is entirely new and for sale in your town. Write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

**WHEN THE Liberty Bell**

Sounded the proclamation of independence throughout this land, it was no more pleasing to the ears of our forefathers who fought for the liberty we now enjoy than is to-day the name of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey to the many men and women who remedy has liberated from the terrible agonies of a serious lung trouble. If taken in time it will stop the progress of Consumption. It will stop the cough at once, and give quiet rest and refreshing, natural sleep. Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough and Grip disappear by its use as now before the sunrise of spring. It exhilarates the lungs, and overcomes disease by feeding to the blood fat-forming oxygen. Take no substitute. All good druggists, or sent upon receipt of price, 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. Address The E. Sutherland Medicine Company, Paducah, Ky.

**DROPSY** NEW DISCOVERY! Gives quick relief and cures within 10 days. Send for free booklet and 10 day treatment. Free. Dr. H. S. SUTHERLAND, Atlantic City, N. J.

## NEGLECT IS SUICIDE.

Plain Words From Mrs. Pinkham, Corroborated by Mrs. Charles Dunmore, That Ought to Bring Suffering Women to Their Senses.

If you were drowning and friendly hands shoved a plank to you, and you refused it, you would be committing suicide!

Yet that is precisely what women are doing if they go about their homes almost dead with misery, yet refuse to grasp the kindly hand held out to them. It is suicidal to go day after day with that dull, constant pain in the region of the womb and that bloating heat and tenderness of the abdomen, which make the weight of your clothes an almost intolerable burden to you. It is not natural to suffer so in merely emptying the bladder. Does not that special form of suffering tell you that there is inflammation somewhere?

Shall I tell you what it is? It is inflammation of the womb! If it goes on, polypus, or tumor, or cancer will set in. Commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of women in this condition have been cured by it. Keep your bowels open with Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and if you want further advice, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., stating freely all your symptoms—she stands ready and willing to give you the very best advice. She has given the helping hand to thousands suffering just like yourself, many of whom lived miles away from a physician. Her marvelous Vegetable Compound has cured many thousands of women. It can be found at any respectable drug store.

Mrs. CHARLES DUNMORE, 102 Fremont St., Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., says: "I was in pain day and night; my doctor did not seem to help me. I could not seem to find any relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had inflammation of the womb, a bearing-down pain, and the whites very badly. The pain was so intense